

THE

CAMBRO-BRITON.

APRIL, 1821.

NULLI QUIDEM MIHI SATIS ERUDITI VIDENTUR, QUIBUS
NOSTRA IGNOTA SUNT. CICERO *de Legibus*.

THE TRIADS.—No. XVIII.

TRIADS OF THE ISLE OF BRITAIN*.

LXXX. The three Gallant Retinues of the Isle of Britain: the retinue of Belyn, the son of Cynvelyn, in the warfare of Caradawg, the son of Bran; and the retinue of Mynyddawg Eiddin, in Cattraeth; and the retinue of Drywon, the son of Nudd the Generous, in the expedition of Arderydd in the North: that is, every body went, in those retinues, at their own expense, without waiting for being summoned, and without demanding either pay or gift from the country or from the prince; and, therefore, they were called the three gallant retinues.

[Triad xxxvi of the first series is thus—The three Gap Retinues of the Isle of Britain: the retinue of Mynyddawg Eiddyn, in Cattraeth; and the retinue of Melyn, the son of Cynvelyn; and the retinue of Drywon, the son of Nudd, in Rhodwydd Arderydd. The second series is thus—The three Gallant Retinues of the Isle of Britain: the retinue of Mynyddawg, in Cattraeth; and the retinue of Dreon Lew, in Rhodwydd Arderys; and the retinue of Belyn of Lleyl Erythlyn, in Rhos.—The similarity between the words Adwy and Addwyn, Gap and Gallant, creates an ambiguity here, which, however, is cleared by the comment in the text above, if it may be relied upon as of ancient authority. The second series substitutes Belyn, who is noticed in Triad xxvii as a warrior of the sixth century, for Belyn, the son of Cynvelyn. Triad liv, previously translated, records the battle of Arderydd, A. D. 593, as one of the three frivolous battles †. It has been surmised, that the name of Arderydd is to be identified

* Arch. of Wales, vol. ii. p. 61. Tr. 79—81.

† See No. 13. p. 10, for this Triad, and also No. 17. p. 218, in the Notes, for a farther notice of the Battle of Arderydd.

in the present name of Ettrick Forest, the situation of which justifies the conjecture.]

LXXXI. The three Loyal Tribes of the Isle of Britain: the tribe of Cadwallawn eil Cadvan, who were with him seven years in Ireland, and during that period they demanded neither pay nor compensation whatever, lest they should be obliged to leave him, and he could not make the compensation to which they were entitled; second, the tribe of Gavran, the son of Aeddan, when the loss by disappearance took place, who went to the sea for their lord; third, the tribe of Gwenddolau, the son of Ceidio, who maintained the contest for forty-six days after their lord was slain, and would not desist from battle and conflict until they should avenge his death. The number of each of those three tribes was twenty-one hundred brave men; and so great was their courage that they could not be subdued.

[Triad XXXIV of the first series agrees in substance with the above text, with the omission of what is said of the tribe of Gwenddolau, as to seeking revenge, and the concluding words, as to the courage of all the three. Triad XLI of the second series is more brief, thus.—The tribe of Cadwallawn, until they were captives; and the tribe of Gavran, the son of Aeddan, when there was the loss by disappearance; and the tribe of Gwenddolau ab Ceidio, in Arderydd, who sustained the fight for forty-six days after their lord had been slain: the number of each tribe was 2100 men.—Cadwallawn nominally held the sovereignty of Britain from A. D. 612 to 660.—Gavran and Gwenddolau have been before noticed in the course of this work in connection with other Triads*.]

LXXXII. The three Disloyal Tribes of the Isle of Britain: the tribe of Goronwy the Splendid, of Penllyn, who refused to stand in the stead of their lord to receive the poisoned javelin from Llew Llaw Gyfes, by the Stone of Goronwy, at Blaen Cynval, in Ardudwy; and the tribe of Gwrgi and Peredur, who deserted their lords, in Caer Grau, when there was an appointment for battle, the next morning, against Eda Glin Mawr, and they were both slain; and the tribe of Alan Vyrgan, who returned back by stealth from their lord, leaving him and his servants on the way going to Camlan, where he was slain.

[Triad XXXV of the first series and XLII of the second agree

* See vol. i. p. 124, with respect to the former, and No. 18. pp. 243 and 257 with respect to the latter.

generally with the foregoing, with the exception of the cognomen of Alan, being variously written Alan Morgan, Vorgan, and Fergan.—In the Mabinogi of Math ab Mathonwy there is a particular detail how Goronwy was to submit to the throw of the javelin.—Gwrgi and Peredur occur in former parts of the CAMBRO-BRITON. The Eda Great-knee here mentioned was the renowned Ida, the Saxon king of Northumberland, who is called Flamddwyn, or Flame-bearer, by Taliesin. The above is the only memorial of Alan.]

TRIADS OF BARDISM*.

1. There are three primary unities, and more than one of each cannot exist: one God, one Truth, and one Point of Liberty, and this is, where all opposites equiponderate.
2. Three things, that proceed from the three primary unities: all Life, all Goodness, and all Power.
3. Three things, of which God necessarily consists: the greatest Life, the greatest Knowledge, and the greatest Power; and of what is greatest there can be no more than one of every thing.
4. Three things it is impossible God should not be: whatever perfect Goodness should be, whatever perfect Goodness should desire to be, and whatever perfect Goodness should perform.
5. Three things, that evince what God has done and will do: infinite Power, infinite Wisdom, and infinite Love; for there is nothing that these attributes want either of power, of knowledge, or of will, to perform.

* These Triads, like the "Institutional Triads" in the last Number, are extracted from the Collection published by Mr. E. Williams, in his "Lyric Poems." In the original they are called *Trioedd Barddas*, which Mr. E. Williams translates "Theological Triads;" but it appears, that he might, with greater propriety, have entitled them Doctrinal Triads, since they profess to relate, more particularly, to the *doctrines* of the Bardic System, as those, copied in the last number, do to its *institutional regulations*. The number, published by Mr. Williams, is forty-six, of which twenty-four only are here selected, the remainder being so involved in metaphysical obscurity, as to be, for the most part, unintelligible. And it must not be denied, that, for this reason, as well as on account of their occasional reference to the doctrines of Christianity, they are not to be regarded throughout as genuine memorials of the primitive institution of Bardism, although they may, in some degree, be impregnated with its singular tenets. The language of the translation has here, as on the former occasion, been varied in a few instances; and the arrangement of the Triads, it is hoped, will be found more methodical than that in which they were previously published.—ED.

6. Three things it is impossible God should not perform: what is most beneficial, what is most wanted, and what is most beautiful of all things.

7. The three grand attributes of God: infinite plenitude of Life, of Knowledge, and of Power.

8. The three necessary essentials of God: Infiniteness in himself,—Finiteness to finite comprehensions,—and Co-unity with every mode of existence in the Circle of Beatitude.

9. Three things, that none but God can do: to endure the eternities of the Circle of Infinity,—to participate of every state of existence without changing,—and to reform and renovate every thing without causing the loss of it.

10. The three regulations of God towards giving existence to every thing: to annihilate the power of evil,—to assist all that is good, and to make discrimination manifest, that it might be known what should and what should not be.

11. Three things, that will infallibly be done: all that is possible for the Power, for the Wisdom, and for the Love of God to perform.

12. The three stabilities of existence: what cannot be otherwise, what needs not be otherwise, and what cannot be conceived better; and in these will all things end.

13. The three Circles of Existence: the Circle of Infinity*, where there is nothing but God, of living or dead, and none but God can traverse it; the Circle of Inchoation, where all things are by nature derived from death,—and which hath been traversed by man; and the Circle of Beatitude, where all things spring from life, and which man shall traverse in Heaven†.

14. Three causes, that have produced rational beings: Divine Love, possessed of perfect knowledge; Divine Wisdom, knowing all possible means; and Divine Power, possessed by the joint will of Divine Love and Divine Wisdom.

15. The three states of existence of rational beings: that of

* The original word, here translated "infinity," is *Ceugant*, upon which Mr. Williams has the following note.—"*Ceugant*, in its etymological sense, signifies the *Circle of Vacuity*,—in its metaphysical acceptation, here, it signifies the immense void beyond the bounds of the material creation, into which none but the Deity can penetrate."

† The words, rendered, in this Triad, "inchoation" and "beatitude," are *Abred* and *Gwynfyd*. Upon the former Mr. Williams thus observes,—"*Abred*, from the root *prêd*, whence *Yspred*, divestigations, or things rejected, and *Hybred*, wanting or subject to be divestigated."

Inchoation in the Great Deep [*Annwn*], that of Liberty in the state of Humanity, and that of Love, which is Beatitude in Heaven.

16. The three necessities, to which all rational beings are subject: a beginning in the Great Deep,—progression in the Circle of Inchoation,—and plenitude in Heaven, or the Circle of Beatitude; without these things nothing can possibly exist but God.

17. Three things, that distinguish a rational being from all others: Genius, Memory, and Perception; each of them according to its peculiarity and in its plenitude, and of nothing can two plenitudes exist.

18. Three things, with which God has endowed every rational being: with the Plenitude of his own nature, with an Individuality differing from all others, and with an original and peculiar Genius; and hence in every being a plenitude of that self, differing from all others.

19. The three necessary incidents of Man: to suffer, to change, and to elect; and, man having the power to elect, it is impossible before the event to foresee what his sufferings or changes will be.

20. The three equiportions of Man: Misery and Happiness, Necessity and Liberty, Evil and Good; all equiponderate, man having the power of attaching himself to either the one or the other.

21. The three privileges of the state of Man: Equiponderance of evil and good, whence discrimination; Liberty of Choice, whence judgment and perception; and the Origin of Power, proceeding from judgment and preference:—these being indispensably prior to all other exertions.

22. Three things, in which Man unavoidably differs from God: Man is finite, God is infinite; Man had a beginning, which God could not have; Man, not being able to endure eternity, must have in the Circle of Beatitude a fluctuating change of his mode of existence, but God is under no such necessity, being able to endure all things and that together with felicity.

23. Three primary qualities in the Circle of Beatitude: cessation of Evil, cessation of Want, and cessation of Perishing.

24. The three restorations of the Circle of Beatitude: restoration of original Genius; restoration of all that was originally cherished; and the restoration of original memory;—for without these perfect beatitude cannot exist.

THE LAWS OF HYWEL DDA.

[Continued from page 304.]

LAWS OF THE COURT.

Falconer.

THE Falconer has a privilege on the day that the hawk shall kill a bittern, a heron, or a curlew. Three services shall the King perform for the Falconer on that day: hold his stirrup while he dismounts, and hold the horse while he goes in pursuit of the birds, and hold his stirrup when he re-mounts. And the King shall bestow three presents* on him that night at table.

He shall sit at the feast on one side of the Chancellor†.

The Falconer shall have from the Chief Huntsman, in autumn, the skin of a stag to make gloves for himself, and leashes for his hawks.

His horse shall have two rations from the provender.

He shall only drink three cups in the hall, lest, through drunkenness, his hawks should be neglected:—vessels, therefore, shall hold his liquor in the palace‡.

If the Falconer should kill his horse in hunting, or he should die by chance, he shall have another from the King.

He claims every unfledged young bird: a sparrow hawk's nest, found on the palace domain, belongs to him.

He shall receive a dish of meat as an allowance, and three hornfuls of liquor in his lodging.

From the time that the Falconer shall put the hawks in their

* The original expression here is "teir gweith yd anrecca y brenhin," which the Cambrian Register translates "three times shall the King compliment him." The verb *anrhegu*, however, means to present or to give presents, and the noun *anrheg* occurs frequently, in the Welsh Laws, in the same sense, and, more particularly, in allusion to a present of meat, in which meaning the verb must be taken in this passage.—ED.

† The Chancellor, in Welsh *Canghellawr*, was not one of the twenty-four officers: Wotton describes him as a judge, who decided disputes between the King's vassals residing at a distance from the palace, and also matters connected with the royal revenue. The word is thought to be derived from the Latin *Cancellarius*; though it should be mentioned, that Mr. Owen, in his Dictionary, appears to consider *canghell*, a chancel, as an original Welsh word, compounded of the roots *can* and *cell*.—ED.

‡ The word "palace" seems here to apply to some outer part of the royal residence, exclusive of the "hall" and other state apartments.—ED.

mews to the time he shall take them out he shall not give an answer to any one, that prefers a claim against him.

He shall receive entertainment once a-year from the vassals*.

From every vassal township he shall receive four-pence or a dry sheep as food for his hawks.

He shall hold his land freely.

The King shall send three presents to the Falconer by his messenger, except on the day on which he kills any noble bird or on the three principal festivals; at those times the Falconer shall receive the presents himself from the King's hands. The day on which the Falconer kills any noble bird, (if the King should not be with him,) when the Falconer returns to the palace with the bird, the King is obliged to rise to receive him, and, if he does not rise, then he shall give the garment he may have on to the Falconer.

He owns the heart of every animal, which shall be slaughtered in the palace.

Though the Falconer is liable to a legal distraint, neither a bailiff, nor a chancellor, shall distraint upon him, but the Serjeant of the King and the household.

A pound is the value of a hawk's nest. Six score pence is the value of a hawk before mewing; should she be white after mewing she is worth a pound. Twenty-four pence is the value of an unfledged young one. One hundred and twenty pence is the value of a falcon's nest: three score pence is her value before mewing, and whilst in the mew. The nest of a sparrow hawk is of the value of twenty-four pence. The value of a sparrow hawk, before mewing and whilst in the mew, is twelve pence; after mewing, should she be white, she is worth twenty-four pence†.

Chief Groom.

The Chief Groom shall have from the Steward of the Household the skin of an ox in the winter, and the skin of a cow in the summer, to make halters for the King's horses, and that before a

* The word, here translated "vassals," is *taiogau*, which the Cambrian Register renders "villains;" and, as the *taiog* was a tenant in villenage, either word is sufficiently proper, though that above adopted may be most generally understood. This, among other passages, indicates the prevalence of the feudal system at one time in Wales.—ED.

† Addition from the W. S. M.—The Falconer is entitled to a palm's length of wax candle from the Steward of the Household to feed his birds by, and to make his bed.

division of the hides is made between the Steward of the Household and the officers.

The Chief Groom owns the legs of every beast, that shall be slaughtered in the kitchen, and shall have salt out of the kitchen.

He shall have the King's old saddles and bridles.

He shall have two shares of the grooms' money.

The Chief Groom and the grooms shall have the wild colts, which the King receives as the third of a spoil.

It belongs to the Chief Groom to bring out all the horses, which the King shall give: he thereupon shall take four-pence for every horse except for these three horses, the horse of the Domestic Chaplain, the horse of the Judge of the Palace, and the horse of the Jester*.

The Chief Groom shall receive from the Steward of the Household as much mead as will fill the vessels used in serving in the palace and as much as will fill the vessels, out of which the King drinks; and the second filling from the Master of the Household, and the third from the Queen.

He shall have his land freely.

He shall have a horse in attendance from the King: the horse shall have two rations of the provender.

The place of the Chief Groom and the grooms with him is below the pillar next to the King.

To him belongs the arrangement of the stablings of the horses and their provender.

The third of the fine and commutation of the grooms shall go to the Chief Groom.

A halter shall be furnished by him with every horse, that the King shall give.

The Chief Groom owns the King's cap if there be furs on it, and the spurs, if they should be of gold, of silver, or of copper.

* The reason why he has it not from the Bishop [Domestic Chaplain], is because he is the King's confessor, and rises before him, and sits behind him, and holds his sleeves, whilst he washes himself. He cannot claim from the Falconer; for the King is obliged to serve him on three occasions. He shall make no claim upon the Jester; for the halter of his horse is to be tied round his hinder part, instead of his head, in going out of the court.—W. S. M. [The foregoing note is copied from the Cambrian Register, and by which it will be seen, that the W. S. M. substitutes the Falconer for the Judge of the Palace, mentioned in the text as one of the three, by whom exemptions were claimed. A jester appears from this passage to have been a sort of appendage to a Welsh court, as he was, formerly, to most others. Instances may be specified too, of no very ancient date, in which private families in Wales maintained their jester or fool.—ED.]

He shall have a dish of meat and a hornful of ale as an allowance.

Chief Huntsman.

The Chief Huntsman shall have an ox's hide in the winter from the Steward of the Household to make leashes for the King's dogs.

The huntsmen shall follow the chase for the King's benefit until the first of December; then whatever they may obtain until the ninth day of December they shall not divide with the King.

There shall be no legal pieces* in the King's deer after the first of December.

On the ninth day of December the Huntsman shall shew the King his dogs, and his horns, and his leashes, and his share of the skins.

The Chief Huntsman claims the third of the King's share of the skins: for he is the only person, with whom the King shall divide a third.

Until the ninth day of December nobody, that prefers a claim, shall have any answer from the Chief Huntsman, unless he be an Officer of the Court; for none of the officers can delay the cause of action of another, if there be a judge to determine it.

The Chief Huntsman shall have the shares of two persons from those, that hunt with the great hounds; and one man's share from the hunters with greyhounds.

After the skins shall be divided between the King and the huntsmen, let the Chief Huntsman and the huntsmen with him take up their quarters with the King's vassals; and they shall return to the King at Christmas.

The place of the Chief Huntsman and the huntsmen with him is below the pillar, opposite to the King.

A hornful of liquor shall be sent to the Chief Huntsman by

* The words, here rendered "legal pieces," are *golwython cyfreithiawl*, which signified, according to another part of these Laws, the twelve royal pieces, into which a deer in season was to be divided,—viz, the tongue, three pieces of the neck, the entrails, the heart, the loin, the shoulder, the haunch, the breast, the strait gut, and the liver. A deer was said to be in season from the festival of St. Curig (June 15th) to the 1st of November, which makes the variance of a month from the time above stated. With respect to *golwyth*, here used, it was only applied to this particular occasion, an ordinary piece or joint of meat being called *cylyryn*.—Ed.

the King or by the Master of the Household, another by the Queen, and another by the Steward of the Household.

The Chief Huntsman shall have a tame sparrow hawk every Michaelmas from the Falconer.

He shall have an allowance in his lodging, that is to say, a dish, and a hornful of mead or other liquor.

To him belongs the third of the fine, and commutation, and heriot, and maiden fee of all the other huntsmen; and the two other shares go to the King.

The huntsmen shall be with the King from Christmas until they turn out the fallow deer in the Spring*.

From the time they begin to hunt in the first season until the ninth day of May they shall not answer any body, that may sue them, unless he should be an Officer of the Court.

He shall have his land freely.

He shall have a horse in attendance from the King, and shall have two rations of the provender.

He shall receive four pence in law from every one, that hunts with a greyhound, and eight pence in law from every one, that hunts with a great hound.

The Chief Huntsman is to blow his horn when there is a due to him in the day of spoil; and let him choose a beast out of the booty.

He shall have a cow's hide in the Summer from the Steward of the Household.

Whoever shall sue the Chief Huntsman must endeavour to take him in his bed on the morning of May Day before he puts on his boots; for he is under no obligation to answer, unless he shall be found in that manner.

Steward of the Household to the Queen.

The Steward of the Household to the Queen shall have a horse from the Queen and eight pence out of the gift money. Two pence shall be his share; the rest he is to divide between the Officers of the Chamber.

He has possession of the meat and drink of the chamber. He is to approve of the liquors, and to point out to every one his place in the chamber.

* In the middle of February he shall take his dogs, horns, and leashes, and go to hunt fallow-deer until Midsummer. Immediately afterwards he is to go to hunt stags until the ninth of November. After that day he begins to hunt the wood swine (badgers).—W. S. M.

Queen's Chaplain.*

He is entitled to his land freely; his horse and his linen from the Queen, and his woollen cloth from the King.

He is entitled to a third of the Queen's tithes and of what appertains to the chamber.

From every public seal, which shall be given to the Queen, he claims four pence.

He has a right to the offering of every one belonging to her.

He claims the garment, in which the Queen shall do penance, against Easter.

He ought to bless what victuals and drink come into the chamber.

He shall have a horse in attendance from the King.

His lodging is with the King's Chaplain in the Sexton's house†.

His place is opposite to the Queen.

The satisfaction for his insult shall be agreeable to the decree of the council.

His price is according to the privilege of his family; and so for every person of degree.

Domestic Bard.

The Domestic Bard shall receive a beast from the family out of every spoil, at which he shall be present, and one person's share like every domestic. Therefore, if there should be fighting, he shall sing the "Monarchy of Britain" at front of the battle‡.

When the Bard shall ask a gift from a prince let him sing one

* The privileges and duties of the Queen's Chaplain, here stated, form a union of those comprised in the Cotton MS. and in that of the Welsh School. It is stated, moreover, in the former, that the "privileges of the Queen's Chaplain are like those of the King's Chaplain in all things;" but that does not appear from other authorities to be precisely correct. A full and judicious collation of the various MSS. might reconcile these and similar inconsistencies; but it would be a work of too much time and labour for the present purpose.—ED.

† On a former occasion the lodging of the King's Chaplain was stated to be in the "Chapter House." See No. 19. p. 297.—The present variance occurs in the W. S. M.—ED.

‡ The "Monarchy of Britain," *Unbenaeth Prydain* in the original, was, most probably, a national song, popular at that time in Wales. In another part of these Laws it is stated, that, if the Queen required a song in her chamber, the Domestic Bard was to sing three verses concerning *Camlan*, which was the last battle fought by Arthur.—ED.

song; when he asks a baron, let him sing three songs; should he ask a vassal, let him sing until he falls asleep*.

His land shall be free, and he shall have a horse in attendance from the King.

The Domestic Bard shall sing the second piece in the common hall†.

He shall be next but one to the Master of the Household.

He shall have a harp from the King, and a gold ring from the Queen, when his office is secured to him. The harp he is never to part with.

Crier.

The Crier shall receive four pence out of every commutation, and out of every fine, which shall be paid by such as break silence in the Court; and he shall have a share of the gift-money and of the gains of the officers.

His land shall be free; and he shall receive a horse from the King.

On the removal of a land-steward the Crier shall take three score pence from his successor; for he is to act as steward until another is appointed in his stead.

Door-keeper of the Hall.

If the Door-keeper of the Hall goes beyond the length of his arm and his wand from the door after the King has entered the hall, and he is insulted, no satisfaction shall be made to him.

Should the Door-keeper or the Porter knowingly prevent one of the Officers from going and coming, let either pay to him three cows in commutation of wrong, and as much to the King, if he

* Interlineation,—*neu oni vo blin*, or, until he shall be tired.

† When a song is called for the Bard President should begin; the first song addressed to God, the next to the King, to whom the Court belongs, or, if there is not one, to another king. After the Bard President the Domestic Bard is to sing three pieces on different subjects. If the Queen should desire a song, let the Domestic Bard go aside and recite without music, and softly, so as not to disturb the hall.—W. S. M. [The duties and privileges of the Chief of Song and Domestic Bard, *Pencerdd* and *Bardd Teulu*, are, as previously remarked, confounded in most of the copies of the Welsh Laws. It appears, however, that the Chief of Song, or *Pencerdd*, was a title borne generally by a musician, who had obtained the chair of presidency, and that he was not, like the Domestic Bard, one of the Officers of the Court. He was, as above stated, to commence the vocal entertainment, which was to be concluded by the Domestic Bard.—Ed.]

be a principal person. To every one of the other officers fourpence each shall be paid.

The Door-keeper shall have a vessel for receiving his liquor, into which the Steward of the Household and all the drawers shall bring their liquors, when the drink of the attendants is distributed.

The Door-keeper shall take charge of the hides of the cattle, that shall be slaughtered in the kitchen, and shall dry them, and shall receive a penny for each when divided.

He shall have his land freely and a horse from the King: and he shall receive a share of the visitor's gift-money*.

[*To be continued.*]

EXCERPTA.

ETYMOLOGY.

IT is not very easy to discover from the language of the following letter, whether the writer designed it as a serious attempt to explain the derivation of the Greek word, to which he alludes, or merely as a sportive ridicule of those visionary hypotheses, in which etymologists too often indulge. The latter construction appears the most probable; and in that view the writer has certainly adduced a happy specimen of those fanciful theories, from which even our own countrymen have not been wholly exempt. The most gross blunders, however, that have been committed in this way, must be laid to the charge of some English and foreign writers, who, from a total ignorance of the primitive languages of Europe, have plunged at once, without helm or compass, into the shoreless sea of philological speculation. An early opportunity will be taken to lay before the reader some instances of their romantic conjectures.

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To the EDITOR of the CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR.—Should you deem the following curious letter, which is from the Gentleman's Magazine for September 1759, of sufficient interest to merit republication among the EXCERPTA, which oc-

* Additions from the W. S. M.—He ought to clear the way for the King with his wand; and whoever he strikes with it at arm's length shall have no redress if he seeks it. He shall eat with the other officers. He is not to sit in the hall, but to execute his commissions to the King on his knees.

casionally enrich the pages of the CAMBRO-BRITON, it is at your service.

Your's &c.

London, Feb. 20th, 1821. GWILYM.

“To the Editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*.”

“September, 3d, 1759.”

“MR. URBAN.—I have sent you an humble attempt to discover the radicals of the word *’Odŷn*, *dolor*, *grief*. Perhaps it may seem a bold undertaking in a person of the present age to presume to meddle with the etymology of a language, which had its origin so many centuries ago; but it is not so difficult in reality, as it appears to one at first view, if, with some of the Eastern tongues, a person was acquainted with the Ancient British or present Welsh, a language which, though not one of the most useless in many respects, is yet the most neglected of all. Were I to desire one of our modern learned etymologists to find out the *radices* of the word *’Odŷn*, he would presently carry us either to Greece, Palestine, or some other remote mysterious Eastern country, and grope among the sandy deserts for a thing, which is to be found in a certain little mountainous, western, despised principality, nearer home by much, called Wales. It is surprising, the Welsh language is not studied by some of the *Literati*, at least, when one considers the infinite advantage it would be not only to Lexicographers, &c., but to the republic of learning in general; for it is confidently asserted by many writers, that there are above 620 radical Greek words derived from the British, and a much greater number of the Latin.

“But, asking pardon for this digression, I will return to my subject.—Nothing is more usual among the Welsh, even to this day, when they are in any great trouble or misery, than to make this ejaculation, “*O Duw Nef* (i. e. O God of Heaven). Nor is this kind of exclamation peculiar to them only; but it is customary to most other people likewise, as daily experience evinces. Now, when we consider, that the Ancient Britons, i. e. Cymeroi, Cymbri, or Cymry, by which name we call ourselves even at this time, were not only nearly akin to the Grecians or Iones, but descended from an elder brother, and, consequently, could claim a kind of pre-eminence over them, came along with them from Babel, lived with them for many generations in Greece before they separated, and came to the more westernly part of the world:—I say, when we consider all these circumstances, does it not seem

very probable, nay almost manifest, that the Greek word *ᾔδυν*, which signifies *grief*, also the pains and sorrow of a woman in travail, is derived from the British "*O Duw Nef?*" And what is more natural for a woman in that condition, than to make such an ejaculation? Besides, allowing for the different idioms of the two languages, the very spelling is the same."

"Your's, &c.,

"Φ."

LETTERS ON COLL GWYNFA.

LETTER III.

To the EDITOR of the CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR.—In my last I parted with our translator of Milton at the close of the sixth book : and the few instances I selected from his production must have convinced those, who had not before perused it, of the classical purity and pristine vigour, if I may be allowed to say so, of Mr. Pughe's style. For it is by this latter quality,—by which I mean a sort of recurrence to the original and independent principles of the Welsh tongue,—that COLL GWYNFA is particularly distinguished ; and the learned writer has evinced a degree of courage in this respect, that must appear quite presumptuous to those, whose estimate of the excellence of the language is founded solely on the prejudices of the present day. Mr. Pughe has fearlessly dared to soar above these enslaving opinions ; and not only has he thus avoided all modern corruptions, but he has restored to us our ancient tongue in all the strength, freshness, and splendour of youth. Nor would it, perhaps, be possible to find a happier illustration of the various and inexhaustible resources, whether of force or beauty, that exist in the venerable speech of the Cymry, than what is afforded by COLL GWYNFA.

I shall now proceed to select a few more proofs, in addition to those before offered, of the excellence, which I have thus ventured to ascribe to Mr. Pughe's translation. For this purpose I should have commenced with the beautiful address to Urania at the opening of the seventh book, if you had not anticipated me in your original critique*. I shall therefore extract the sublime passage, which describes the Messiah preparing to perform the glorious work of the creation :—

* See vol. i. p. 102.—ED.

"So sang the hierarchies : mean while the Son
 On his great expedition now appear'd,
 Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd
 Of majesty divine; sapience and love
 Immense and all his Father in him shone.
 About his chariot numberless were pour'd
 Cherub and seraph, potentates and thrones,
 And virtues, winged spirits, and chariots wing'd
 From th' armoury of God, where stand of old
 Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd
 Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,
 Celestial equipage; and now came forth
 Spontaneous, for within them spirit liv'd,
 Attendant on their Lord : Heav'n open'd wide
 Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound
 On golden hinges moving, to let forth
 The King of Glory in his powerful Word
 And Spirit coming to create new worlds.
 On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore
 They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss
 Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
 Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds,
 And surging waves, as mountains, to assault
 Heav'n's height, and with the center mix the pole."—B. vii.
 l. 251.

" Mal hyna canent y Gorlwysion myg :
 Pa bryd y Mab á ymddangosai ar
 Ei helynt fawr, hollnerthiant yn ei gylch,
 Coronawg o belydron dwyfawl urdd;
 Doethineb ac anfeidrawl gariad, ac
 Ei gyflawn Dad tywynai ynddo ef.
 O gylch ei gerbyd dirifedi dorf
 Ymfwrient, Cherub, Seraph, Ceidrion, a
 Gorseddau, Rhinion, ac Ysbrydion mwth
 Adeiniawg, ceir asgellawg fil a mil
 A miloedd o arfogaeth Duw, er cynt
 Lle safent rhwng dau fynydd prës at bryd
 Y daw gwyl myg, peiriannawg oll o seirch
 Nefolion; weithion hun-symudawl doent,
 Ag ynddynt Ysbryd bywyd, ar eu Por
 Yn gweini: llydan yr argorai Nef
 Ei bythawl byrth, ar golion aur yn troi
 Maws eilw sain, er myned Brenin y
 Gogoniant allan yn ei gadarn Air
 Ac Ysbryd newydd fydoedd idd eu crëu.
 Ar dir nefolain safent, ac oddiar

Y lân arsylwent hwy yr enfawr ddwfn
 Anfeidrawl gymmlawdd fal pe môr, yn wyll,
 Yn anial iawn, a gwyllt, à droid odd
 Y gwaelawd fry gan wyntoedd engyrth yn
 Fynyddoedd dônau, mal pe uchder Nef
 Eu cŷrch, a mysgu eithaf yn y craidd.”—P. 202.

Independently of the general merit of this passage it will be observed, that two or three parts, in particular, are very happily rendered. For instance, *Gorlwysion*, which signifies “supremely holy, or hallowed, ones,” is a very appropriate translation of *Hierarchies*; yet no other language, with which I am acquainted, has any indigenous word for it, but adopts the Greek term as the English does. *Gorlwys*, however, is purely Welsh; and, if it be here used for the first time, it is not, therefore, less consonant with the genius and properties of the language. Nor has Mr. Pughe done more than follow the laudable example set in this respect by Milton himself, who, as before observed, never hesitated to invent new terms, when those, previously in use, fell short of his purpose. And the translator has the additional merit of coining from his own mint.

The opening of the Gates of Heaven in this passage is described in the original, as will be allowed, with all the harmony suitable to the occasion:—

————— “Heaven open’d wide
 Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound
 On golden hinges moving.”—————

Nor is the translation inferior:—

————— “llydan yr agorai Nef
 Ei bythawl byrth, ar golion aur yn troi
 Maws eilw sain.”—————

Nothing can be smoother; and the expression “maws eilw sain”,—the gliding harmony of sound,—in particular deserves notice, as being, I was almost about to say, an improvement on Milton. You have on a former occasion compared the Italian version by Paolo Rolli; and, as the book is now before me, I can not resist the temptation to make a few farther collations. The following is the translation of the three lines just noticed, and which, I think, all competent judges will admit to be inferior both to the Welsh and English, notwithstanding the much-boasted melliflence of the Italian tongue.

“Spalanca il ciel le sempiterno porte
 Con sonora armonia su i cardin d’oro.”

The next extract describes the work of creation on the second day, and is selected as affording two or three instances of that original diction, peculiar to the Welsh language, and in which this translation abounds. They will be noticed in the sequel.

“Again, God said, Let there be firmament
Amid the waters, and let it divide
The waters from the waters: and God made
The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,
Transparent, elemental air, diffus’d
In circuit to the uttermost convex
Of this great round: partition firm and sure,
The waters underneath from those above
Dividing: for as Earth, so he the world
Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide
Crystalline ocean, and the loud misrule
Of Chaos far remov’d, lest fierce extremes
Contiguous might distemper the whole frame:
And Heav’n he named the Firmament: so even
And morning chorus sung the second day.”—B. vii. l. 275.

“Eto, dywedai Duw, Bydded wybren rhwng
Y dyfroedd, a gwahaned ddyfroedd oiwtrh
Y dyfroedd: a gwnai Duw yr wybren yn
Amlediad gwyawl, ter, tryloew, taen
O awyr nyfel ogyrch eithaf cant
Y gron fawr hon: yn bared ffer a dir
Y dyfroedd isod yn dosbarthu rhag
Y rhai odducho: can fal daiar yr
Un fath adeilai efe y byd oddiar
Amlïon ddyfroedd tawel y mewn lled
Crisiannawl eigion, gan bell symud croch
Anrheithiad Tryblith, nas andwyai ffrom
Eithafion yr holl drefn: a galwai efe
Yr wybren Nef: efelly canent hwyr
A bore gyson foliant yr ail dydd.”—P. 204.

The words “awyr nyfel,” by which “elemental air” is rendered, are purely Welsh and highly expressive. Taliesin uses the latter word in the same sense, where he says—

“Uch awen uchel
Uch no pob *nyfel*.”

The Italian translator adopts the expression “elementale aria,” which, indeed, with a slight terminal variation, would be the translation in most modern languages. The words “amlïon” and “eigion” furnish two other instances of the rich native stores of

the Welsh tongue. The former is a compound of much greater force than the English "circumfluous," for which it is here used, since it has reference to *flooding* rather than *flowing*; and the term "eigion," by which "ocean" is rendered, is an aggregate noun, derived from *aig*, which is employed to denote the "great deep," whence *eigion* signifies a plurality of great waters, a term so philosophically applicable to the ocean. The Italian translator could find no better words in his language than *circonfluenti* and *oceano*, which are mere echoes of the English. The word "Tryblith," by which Chaos is rendered in this extract, has been noticed, I believe, on a previous occasion*; and the critical reader will discover one or two other instances which I cannot now stop to notice. I would merely, therefore, direct his attention to the corresponding passage in the first chapter of Genesis†: Mr. Pughe's work will lose nothing in the comparison. The last two lines of the foregoing extract may also be advantageously opposed to the following in the Italian:—

—————"così sera e mattina
Celebarono i cori il dì secondo."

The "chorus sung," so happily preserved in the Welsh "cant gyson," is almost lost in the Italian lines, which, besides, want the softness and melody of Mr. Pughe's.

The passage, which I am about to transcribe, represents the first appearance of the great Orb of Day under the plastic influence of the Creator, and, although short, abounds in the sublime images natural to the occasion. And to these, it will be seen, the Welsh translator has done ample justice.

"First in his East the glorious lamp was seen,
Regent of day, and all th' horizon round
Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
His longitude through Heav'n's high road; the gray
Dawn and the Pleiades before him danc'd,
Shedding sweet influence."—B. vii. l. 375.

—————"Cyntaf yn ei ddwyrain hwyl
Y gogoneddus lygorn gwelid, rhwyf
Y dydd, ac ef belydron cain o gylch
Y gorwel oll á duddai efe yn llon,
I rédeg trwy ffordd fawr y Nef ei daith;
Y wawr las, ac y Tewedws lu aent yn
Corelwi rhagddo gan amdaenu maws
Anwydau."—P. 208.

* See Vol. I. p. 99.—Ed.

† Verses 6, 7, and 8.

There are several indigenous and beautiful terms in this brief extract, among which *dwyrain*, *gorwel*, *Tewdws*, *corelwi*, and *am-daenu* are particularly worthy of notice. “*Dwyrain hwyl*,” by which the East is rendered, signifies, literally, “dawnful journey” or “journey abounding with dawns,” than which nothing could be more poetically, or more accurately, applied to the first appearance of the great heavenly luminary. The word “*gorwel*,” the Welsh name of the horizon, which implies, literally, “extreme vision,” is a very happy substitute for the Greek term, adopted in almost all other languages. And I cannot help here observing, how superior it is, both in sound and meaning, to the term *terfyn-gylch*, which the late Mr. Walters uses to express the same idea, and upon which he so profusely lavishes his encomiums, though it would be difficult to find a more uncouth word in the language *. “*Tewdws*,” by which the term Pleiades is translated, means, literally, a “thick assemblage,” and is, therefore, properly descriptive of that constellation. One of our poets, I believe Davydd ab Gwilym, uses the word in the same sense; but in the book of Job, where Pleiades occurs twice, the original word is retained. The words, “*corelwi*” and “*am-daenu*,” afford fresh examples of the energy and beauty of the Welsh compounds, and in the formation of which the language possesses facilities equal at least to the Greek, “*Corelwi*,” which means “danced round,” is certainly more expressive, with reference to the march of the heavenly bodies, than the simple term “danced,” used by Milton; and “*amdaenu*,” to spread round, describes more emphatically the diffusive influence of the solar heat than the single word “shedding.” To this I will only add, that the words in the Italian translation, corresponding with the five I have here noticed, are, as in former cases, mere echoes of those in the original.

In page 211 Mr. Pughe renders “the ounce, the libbard, and the tiger” by *blai*, *cidwm*, and *cath-balug*. If he be correct, these words would supply new proof of the originality of the Welsh tongue; but there may be some doubt as to the propriety of their application to these particular animals; and it may now be impossible to ascertain their precise import. *Cath-balug* occurs in the Triads as one of the “three molestations of Mona,” and has always been understood to refer to the tiger: it means, literally, the smooth-coated cat, which is sufficiently descriptive of that animal.

* See his “Dissertation on the Welsh Language,” p. 31.

The ensuing extract comprises the passage, in which the ant and bee, on their first creation, are described with so sweet a simplicity.

—————"First crept
The parsimonious emmet, provident
Of future, in small room large heart inclos'd,
Pattern of just equality perhaps
Hereafter, joined in her popular tribes
Of commonalty: swarming next appear'd
The female bee, that feeds her husband drone
Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells
With honey stor'd."—B. vii. l. 492.

—————"Ymlusgai gyntaf y
Morgrugyn cynnil, rhagddarbodus, mewn
Man gyfing calon fawr cynnwysai hi,
Cynnelwad hwyrach o gydraddiad iawn
I fod, ac unai ei gwerinawl hil
Mewn cydwladoldeb: nesaf yn ei haid
Y fam-wenynen ymddangosai, hon
Ei gormes briawd swrth yn foethus iawn
A faetha, ac ei chellau cwyr mor lân
A lunia, llawn o fel."—P. 212.

Two instances present themselves, even in this short passage, of the expressiveness of the Welsh compound terms. Thus, the English expression, "provident of the future," is fully embraced by the single term "rhagddarbodus;" while the word "cydwladoldeb," which implies a "communion of country," is, undoubtedly, more comprehensive than "commonalty" in the original.

I have now concluded my extracts from the seventh book, though without by any means exhausting all the instances, it supplies, of the successful manner, in which Mr. Pughe has exemplified the peculiar excellencies of the Welsh tongue. From the eighth book, which contains Adam's discourse with Raphael about his creation and his nuptials with Eve, I shall transcribe only one short passage, which relates the first introduction of Eve to her consort:—

"When out of hope, behold her, not far off,
Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd
With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow
To make her amiable: on she came,
Led by her heav'nly Maker, though unseen,

And guided by his voice, nor uninform'd
Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites:
Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love."—B. viii. l. 489.

"Pan heb obaith, selwn hi
Ac nid pell, mal y gwelwn hithau yn
Fy mreuddwyd, mór eiranaid o bob cain
A allai Daiar roddi neu y Nef
Er ei hoffâu. Yn mlaen y doai, o gan
Arweiniad ei Naf nefawl er mai nid
Gweledig; ac o draw ei lais, nac heb
Anwybod o neithiorawl leinid a
Defodau priodasawl: telaid oll
Ei rhawd, ac yn ei llygad gwenai Nef,
Yn ei harweddiad urdd a chariad oedd."—P. 136.

The expressions of "gwenai Nef" and "harweddiad," in the last two lines, are happily chosen, and contribute much to the felicitous translation of this well-known couplet. The Italian version of the same lines, although more literal than the Welsh, does not appear to have any other advantage: it is as follows:—

"Grazia era ne' suoi passi, il ciel negli occhi,
Ed in ogni gesto maestade e amore."

In the same book, in the conclusion of Raphael's address to Adam, the "verdant isles" in the West are rendered by "Gwerddonau Llion," a name, which occurs in the Triads, in the account of the "three losses by disappearance of the Isle of Britain," where Gavran is recorded to have gone to sea in search of the *Gwerddonau Llion*, or *Green Islands of the Floods*; and according to some commentators, these were the Canaries, or Cape Verd Islands*. It is not improbable, therefore, that Mr. Pughe may be correct in appropriating the name to the "verdant isles" mentioned by Milton, which would afford another testimony to the originality of the Welsh names. In the Italian translation the English words are rendered, literally, "verdeggianti isole Esperia," which, like the original, are mere general terms.

At the commencement of the ninth book the names of Troy, Turnus, and Neptune are translated, and, I think, properly, by the terms *Caer Tro*, *Turn*, and *Neivion*, all of them of Welsh origin. The latter appellation, in particular, may be found in

* See the Triad, here alluded to by Idwal, translated in the former volume, p. 124.—ED.

the Triads, in that singular record, which is supposed to refer to the deluge*; and Lewis Glyn Cothi, a poet of the fifteenth century, appears to use it, as is here done, in application to Neptune, where he says,—

“Ev a yr niver i vor *Neivion*.”

He will send a number to the sea of *Neivion*.

I shall close this letter, which, I fear, has already been extended beyond due bounds, with the fine picture of Satan's aerial voyage before he enters the Garden of Eden.

“The sun was sunk, and after him the star
Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring
Twilight upon the Earth, short arbiter
’Twixt day and night, and now from end to end
Night's hemisphere had veil'd th' horizon round :
When Satan, who late fled before the threats
Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improv'd
In meditated fraud and malice, bent
On man's destruction, maugre what might hap
Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd.
By night he fled, and at midnight return'd
From compassing the Earth, cautious of day,
Since Uriel regent of the sun descry'd
His entrance, and forewarn'd the cherubim
That kept their watch ; thence full of anguish driven,
The space of sev'n continued nights he rode
With Darkness, thrice the equinoctial line
He circled, four times cross'd the car of Night
From pole to pole, traversing each colúre ;
On th' eighth return'd, and on the coast, averse
From entrance or cherubic watch, by stealth
Found unsuspected way.—B. ix. l. 69.”

“Oedd isel haul, a seren ucher ar
Ei ol, ar swydd o ddwyn cyflychwyr tros
Y ddaiar, byr gyfryngiad dydd a nos,
A nan hanner gylch nos o ael i ael
Llenasai am y gorwel : pan heb ofn
Dychwelai Satan, hwn o Eden rhag
Bygythion Gabriel á ffoasai, mwy
Call weithion yn ei dwyll a llid, o fryd
Er difa Dyn, o drymach doed á ddel.
Ar nos y ffoai, a chanol nos y doai o

* See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. i. p. 127.—ED.

Amgylchu daiar yn ei ol, pwyllâus
 Rhag dydd, o sefu Uriel rhwyf yr haul
 Ei daith, ac y Cherubion ar eu gwyl
 Rhybuddiai; llawn o ing oddiyno tarf
 Tros saith ol-yn-ol ddydd gan wyll ei hwyl
 Byhydedd red * dair gwaith amdroai, ar draws
 Câr nos âi bedair gwaith o-gol i gol,
 O drosi y colrodau: wythfed y
 Dychwelai, a thu gwrth i ddrws neu syll
 Cherubig caffai ledrad ffordd."—P. 244.

Several instances of the native richness and copiousness of the Welsh tongue are to be selected from this passage, a few of which it may not be uninteresting to notice, notwithstanding the abundant proof, that has already been offered on this point. The word "cyflychwr," by which the English "twilight" is rendered, means, in a literal sense, the "contact of ether," or that imperceptible union of light and darkness which we call twilight. Can any thing be more descriptive, or more philosophically correct? With reference to this, it may likewise be remarked, that Milton's expression, "short arbiter 'twixt day and night," is very happily rendered by "*byr gyfryngiad dydd a nos*," implying "the short *intervening space* of day and night," which is precisely expressive of twilight. "Cyhydedd" and "Colrodau," by which the Equinox and Colures are translated, are also genuine Welsh words, whereas most other languages borrow, in this instance, from the Latin and Greek. *Cyhydedd* means an equality of length; and *Colrodau*, as a derivative of *rhod*, a circle or wheel, is judiciously applied to the *Colures*, though not, perhaps, to be found in common use. But, if Mr. Pughe, as previously observed, has occasionally enriched his translation by the introduction of new terms of true Cimbric extraction, there are few, who will not say with the poet,

—————"dabiturque licentia sumpta pudenter."

Nay, I should even be disposed to assert, that, considering the skill and erudition he has, on other occasions, displayed in illustrating his native tongue, he is entitled to our gratitude for

* "Sef, teithiai dair gwaith o gylch y ddaiar, mewn tri dydd ar hyd cylch y cyhydedd, o ddwyrain i orllewin, gan gadw yn y nos, neu y rhan oddiwrth yr haul. Teithiai wedi hyny eto er cadw yn y nos, ar osgo oc yr hanner ogledd i hanner de y ddaiar, gan drosi y colrodau, neu ddau gylch dychymygawl yn tôri tros eu cilydd ar ddau gol y ddaiar."

every addition he makes to its stores from those inexhaustible resources, which no one better knows how to manage with a due regard to the characteristic genius and principles of the language. IDWAL.

WELSH MUSIC.—No. XII.

To the EDITOR of the CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR.—“Holl Ieuencid Cymru.”—*All ye Cambrian Youth.*—I named this beautiful melody in my 5th letter (*vide* vol. i, page 254,) merely to further the interests of the widow and family of the late H. Humphreys, for whose benefit it had been published, with variations. Nothing can be more simple than this air;—and yet there are several scientific modulations in it. As I before observed, it resembles a Spanish melody called “Folia d’Espagna,” also a Russian air known by the appellation of the “Cossack.” What is very singular, the same *bass* would answer both the Welsh and the Cossack air. I have been favoured with some beautiful words, to be adapted to “All ye Cambrian Youth,” by one of the most elegant and best writers of the day, —a lady, in whom are combined all the requisites for forming a true poet.

“Mwynen Mon.”—*The Melody of Mona.*—This is purely Welsh in every sense of the word, very pathetic and melodious; no *Cymro* can hear it without feeling its full force. It is in a minor key, and exceedingly regular in its construction.

“Megen a gollodd ei gardas.”—*Margaret that lost her Garter.*—Jones, in his collection, has the following note affixed to this tune. “In the reign of Edward III the Queen, or Countess of Salisbury, is said to have dropt her garter, in dancing a minuet at Court, (Query—whether it was Margaret, wife of Sir Wm. Peito?) which the King picked up, and, seeing the nobles smile, he exclaimed “*Honi soit que mal y pense*,” which has ever since been the motto of the Garter.” The melody is a very majestic composition: the first eight bars, however, of the second strain are precisely the same as “Merch Megen;” but the remaining eight bars are quite original and remarkably elegant.—There was a song sung by Madam Catalani, composed by some one, in which the ninth and three following bars of this air occurred.—Query,—

was this one of those extraordinary coincidences, which do occasionally happen, or plagiarism? I have been favoured with a most excellent song, adapted to this air, by a poet of the first class.

“Difyrwech Gwyr Dyfi.”—*The Delight of the Men of Dovey*.—This melody may very well pass for *Irish*, particularly when performed rather quick; if I mistake not, the celebrated *Anacreon Moore* has written a song to it. But, when the air is played slow, it is exceedingly pretty.

“Mentra Gwen.”—*Venture Gwen*—alluding to matrimony.—This is a peculiar composition, but very characteristic:—the second part is much like the “Melody of North Wales” (vide CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. i., p. 415.) There are several Welsh songs written to this tune, and, although it is not calculated for *Pennillion*, it is frequently played by the harpers in the principality.

“Tros y Dwr.”—*Over the Water*.—This is one of the most pleasing melodies I have ever heard, and not only well calculated for a song, but also for *Pennillion* of the metre, which is suitable to “Llwyn Onn,” &c. &c. There is something truly fanciful in the last bars of the first and second parts, which do not finish (as is generally the case) on the key note, but on the *dominant* or fifth above, to alter which would be death by the laws of Apollo!—A bard, from South Wales, has sent me an excellent song to this air, with which I must close my letter,—remaining, as usual,

Your obedient Servant,

Newman-street, March 13, 1821.

JOHN PARRY.

WALKS ROUND DOLGELLAU.

———“ Well do I know these mountain wilds;
And every bosom'd vale, and valley stream,
Is dear to memory.

SOUTHEY.

WALK IV.

DOLGELLAU TO MALLWYD.

ONE of the most beautiful walks, in the neighbourhood of Dolgellau, is from that place to Mallwyd, a distance of twelve miles; but its beauty is stern and rugged, rather than verdant and fertile. For the first four miles, indeed, the ground is well cultivated, and plenteously adorned with woods and meadow land; but, farther on the prospect becomes more barren and imposing, till the rugged mountains of Bwlch Oerddrws shut in the road on either side, presenting one of those scenes of desolate grandeur and sublimity, which strike awe on the mind, and lead

it to contemplate with admiration the more stupendous works of nature. I have traversed this romantic road in the cold misty winter-morning, and in the joyful dawn of the summer's day : I have been benighted on the Bwlch in a fine frosty November night, and in the calm evening of an autumnal day. Some years ago, I remember, I was on my way from Shrewsbury to Dolgellau. It was in the latter end of November, and I did not reach Mallwyd till nearly six o'clock. The day, which was unusually fine for the time of year, had given place to a cold but beautiful moon-light night. There had been some snow a day or two before, and a continual frost had preserved it on the earth, which it covered in one smooth and sparkling mantle. I remember, too, that the worthy Richard Pugh was commissioned on this occasion to guide me over the hills to Dolgellau, and he had brought with him a stout nag for my accommodation, as he himself preferred walking through the snow. We left Mallwyd about seven o'clock, and arrived at Dinas Mawddwy in something less than an hour. Like a true thorough-bred Cambrian, Richard whispered, as we approached that paragon of pot-houses, the Blue Lion, that we should not pass any place before we reached Dolgellau, where we could get a glass of *curw*, except, indeed, a miserable house they called the Cross Foxes; and, if his honour thought well of it, we had better turn in and get a glass, as *he* could answer for the potency of the liquor. We turned in accordingly, and found the *cwrw* potent and palatable. I shall never forget the glorious scene, which opened before us, on the Bwlch. The moon-beams were resting placidly on the hills, and the frozen snow sparkled like diamonds in their clear pale light. There was a most death-like silence in the scene. The little river, which washes the base of the hills on the south, was frozen into quietness; and the sheep, which, in the daytime, enliven with their bleatings the solitude of the pass, were at rest for the night. The echo of my horse's hoofs, and the deep guttural voice of my *Cicerone*, were the only sounds which disturbed the deep stillness around us; and it will be long ere I forget the impressive solemnity of that beautiful winter evening. But wherefore this egotistical digression? Let us commence our ramble.

At the south-west corner of Dolgellau there is an outlet from the town, which leads to the Mallwyd road. Leaving on the right an antique building, which formerly served as the county jail, and on the left an old over-shot mill, we cross the little

bridge over the Aran, and find ourselves in an excellent road, with some good pasture land on each side of us,—that on the left leading down to the river Wnion. About two miles from Dolellau we reach a solitary change-house, situated near the spot where the Machynlleth road branches off from the highway; its sign the Cross Foxes. In my boyhood I was accustomed to pay occasional visits to this said change-house, in company with my foster-mother, Mistress Catherine Reece, a very worthy good woman, a kinsman of whom then wielded the sceptre of the Cross Foxes. A very urgent provocation tempted me to ramble in summer time towards this solitary change-house: the wife of mine host was exceedingly well skilled in the compounding of—*gooseberry-fool*, a composition I have ever loved; and there was always a plate in reserve for Catherine Reece's foster-son. But many and sad are the years, which have since passed by. The good Catherine—peace be with her!—has been long since gathered to her fathers, and another dynasty enjoys the sovereignty of the Cross Foxes.

Continuing our walk we pass Gwanas, the estate of John Kennedy, Esq.; and, shortly afterwards, we arrive at Caerynwch, the comfortable mansion of our present venerable Chief Baron. The house is a modern structure, built by Sir Richard Richards, a few years ago, in a retired and most beautiful situation. The spot has always been a favourite one with the worthy Baron, and I have heard it said, that he selected it as the scite of a family residence long before the erection of the present commodious mansion. It is a fortunate and an honourable thing for Merionethshire, that it can boast of two such inhabitants as Sir Robert Vaughan and Chief Baron Richards. The benefit, which accrues to the county from the benevolent exertions of these gentlemen, is incalculable. The Baron, indeed, from the urgent and important duties of his high office, cannot pay the same degree of attention to the comfort and welfare of his dependants in Wales as Sir Robert can; but, notwithstanding the arduous occupation of his time as a *judge*, he is by no means neglectful of the duties of his calling as a *man*. After the toils of term and circuit are over, the Baron loses the venerable sternness of his official character in the more attractive duties of the country gentleman, and, at his beloved retreat of Caerynwch, enjoys a temporary tranquillity from the perplexities of his elevated situation, happy in the esteem and respect of his countrymen.

Soon after we leave Caerynwch we reach the Bwlch*, the mountains of which lift up their barren summits to the clouds in stern and desolate grandeur. The scenery is, indeed, wild and impressive enough; but, imposing as it is, it gains additional interest from the recollection that amidst its rugged wilds a meeting was held of yore, which had for its object the reform of the government of the principality. Bwlch Oerddrws, says Pennant, is noted for being one of the three places, in which were assembled, six years after the wars of Glyndwr, all the great men of certain districts, in order to enforce the observation of justice by their own weight, without any other legal sanction†. How far the resolutions of these gentlemen were carried into effect is not well known; but it is highly probable that the merciless laws, enacted against the Welsh after Glyndwr's rebellion, prevented the exercise of any one of them. There is yet another circumstance relating to the Bwlch, which harmonizes well with its romantic scenery. The Gwylliaid Cochion Mawddwy lived near it, and often infested it for the purpose of intercepting such travellers as were bold or unwary enough to venture across its mountains‡. But centuries have rolled on since these things happened: Wales now enjoys a happy participation in the laws of England, and her natives are undisturbed by the exploits of robbers. Having descended the Bwlch, we shortly arrive at Dinas Mawddwy, and, about two miles farther on, at the mountain village of Mallwyd, where the traveller will find very tolerable accommodations at the Cross Foxes. There are two objects well worthy of inspection in the neighbourhood of Mallwyd. One is the church-yard of the hamlet, with its venerable and majestic yew trees, and the other is the beautiful bridge about half a mile from the village. Even these alone are sufficient to repay a person for his walk; but the sensitive man will never regret the toil of a ramble to Mallwyd, as the road thither from Dolgellau is one continued display of imposing scenery. MERVINIUS:

* *Bwlch* means, generally, in the names of places, a pass between two hills in which sense it is here used. *Bwlch Oerddrws* is the Pass of the Cold Door.—ED.

† See *Tours in Wales*, Vol. 2. p. 235 8vo. ed., where the reader will also observe some curious resolutions, into which the Patriots entered.

‡ Some interesting notices of the *Gwylliaid Cochion Mawddwy*, or Red Banditti of Mawddwy, may be seen in the first volume, at pages 184 and 266.—ED.

CAMBRIANA.—No. II.

ARTHUR'S TOMB.

THE following curious account of the discovery of Arthur's Tomb is extracted from "The Ancient History of Great Britain by John Lewis, Esq.," published in 1721, and is obviously a compilation from Geoffrey and other old writers. Its authenticity, therefore, is to be taken *cum grano salis*; but it is not on that account the less entitled to a place among the CAMBRIANA, with respect to the particular design of which the reader is referred to the seventeenth Number of this work p. 222. The orthography and other particulars of the original are strictly preserved in the following extract.

* *

"And now, touching king Arthur's Burial,—King Arthur was buried at Glastenbury, in the Church yard, betweene two pillars of stone, and found, Ann. Dom. 1191, in the last yeare of the raign of Henry II, more than 600 yeares after the burial, 16 fote depe in the ground, for fear, lest his enemies, the Saxons, should have found him. The diggers of the grave, at the depth of seven fote in the earth, found a mighty brode stone with a cross of lead fastened to that side, which lay downwardes towarde the corps, and an inscription being on the innerside of leade, next the stone as followeth:—

"*Hic jacet sepultus inclytus Rex Arthurus in Insula Analoniæ* cum Wenevera†, uxore suâ secundâ.*"

"His body was found, not enclosed within a tomb of marble, or other stone, curiously wrought, but within a great tre, made hollow like a trunk; which, being found and digged up, was opened and therein were found the King's bones of maveinous bignes, that the shyn bone of his leg, being set on the ground, reached up to the middle of the thigh of a tauld man, as a monk of that abbey hath written who lived in those daies and saw it. But Giraldus Cambrensis, who lived in those daies and spake with the Abbot of the place, by whom the bones were found, affirmeth by report of the same Abbot, that the shyn bone of the said Arthur, being set up by the leg of a very tall man (the which the Abbot shewed to Giraldus), cam above the kne of the same man thre fingers breadth. Furthermore, the scul of his head was of a

* Properly *Avaloniæ*.—ED.

† *Gwenhwyfar*.—ED.

wonderful largnes, so as the space of his forehead, betwixt his two eyes, was a span brode. Ther apeare in his skul the signes and printes of ten wounds or more, al which were growen into one wem, except only that, which seemed to be his death's wound, which, being greater than the rest, apeared very plain. Also, in opening the tomb of his wif buried with him, they found the tresses of her hayre ful and perfect, finly platted, of colour like the burnished gould, which, being touched, immediately fel to dust. The Abbot, who then was head of the House, cauled Stephen, or Henry, de Blois, or de Sully, nephew to King Henry II., by whos commaundment he had serched for the grave of Arthur, translated the bones of the King and Quene into the great church, and ther buried them in a fair double tomb of marble, laieng the body of the King at the head of the tomb, and the body of the Queen at the fete, towards the west part. The writer of the History of Cambria, or Cymbri, saieth, that the bones of the King and Quene were found in the Isle of Analon*, (which is of Aples), without the Abbey of Glastenbury, 15 fote within the ground, and that the grave was found by means of a bard, whom the King heard at Pembrok, singing the actes of King Arthur, and the place of his burial.

“By that, which hath been said, it apeareth, that this was another Gwenhwyfar than the adultres, who married Mordred †. And to make any matter, whether the tre, wherein King Arthur was buried, was an oke or an alder, I think it vain. Giraldus saieth it was an oke, Powel an alder. The British and Scottish history agre, that King Arthur lived in the daies of Justinian, the Emperor, and died about 15 years after his raign, Ann. Dom. 542: Vitus saieth in the 21st yeare of his raign, Powel in the 26th yeare. Leland, a worthy antiquary, hath gathered many apa-rent proufs of King Arthur and his noble actes.”

WELSH METRES‡.

“Poetry and good language were in greater perfection in Wales a little before and a little after the Norman Conquest than they have been since; and the historical part of our poems is a great

* Avalon.—Ed.

† According to the ancient Welsh records Arthur had three wives of the name of Gwenhwyfar, and one called Gwenhwyfach. Mordred, here mentioned, must be a mistake for Medrawd, whose traitorous conspiracy against Arthur is recorded in the Triads.—Ed.

‡ Yorke's Royal Tribes of Wales, p. 67 in the Notes.

light to historians, both English and Welsh, Irish and Scotch. Goronwy Owain on this subject says, ‘I find the old metres were what all compositions of that nature should be, that is, Lyric Verses adapted to the tunes and metres then in use. Of this sort were the several kinds of *Englynion*, *Cywyddau*, *Odlau*, *Gwawdodyn*, *Toddaid*, *Trybedd y Myneich*, and *Glogyrnach*, which appear to have in their composition the authentic stamp of genuine lyric poetry, and of true primitive antiquity. As to the rest, I mean *Gorchest y Beirdd*, *Huppynt Hir* and *Byr*, being the newest, they were falsely thought the most ingenious, and accurate, kinds of metres. But I look upon them to be rather depravations, than improvements, in our poetry. What a groveling, low, thing the *Gorchest y Beirdd* is? And I would have an impartial answer, whether the old, despised, exterminated *Englyn Milwr* hath not something of antique majesty in its composition. Now, when I have a mind to write good sense in such metre as *Gorchest y Beirdd*, and so begin, and the language itself does not afford words, that will come in to finish with sense and *cynghanedd* too, what must I do? Why, to keep *cynghanedd*, i. e. the alliteration, I must write nonsense to the end of the metre, and cramp and fetter good sense, whilst the dictionary is overturned and tormented to find out words of a like ending, sense or nonsense; and besides, suppose our language was more comprehensive and significant than it is, (which we have no reason or room to wish), what abundance of mysterious sense is such an horrid, jingling, metre, of such a length, able to contain! In short, as I understand, that it and its fellows were introduced by the authority of an *Eisteddfod*, I wish we had an *Eisteddfod* again to give them their *dimittimus* to some peaceable acrostic land, to sport and converse with the spirits of deceased puns, quibbles, and conundrums of pious memory; then should I gladly see the true primitive metres reinstated in their ancient dignity, and sense regarded more than a hideous jingle of words, which hardly ever can bear it.’

“The Welsh poetry had great compass and variety. Dr. John David Rhys, the physician and grammarian, who took his degree in Italy, introduces a comparison between the Welsh and Italian poetry, and inserts a whole Italian poem, marked in the manner he has done the Welsh. In Metastasio is a poem similar to a very favourite measure in Welsh poetry, viz.

‘*Sopra il santissimo.*’—Natale Ode, vol. 9.

In this the end of the first line rhymes to the middle of the second, and the end of the second to the middle of the third.”

REV. EDWARD LLWYD.

A strange and singular fatality seems to have hung over the posthumous works of this distinguished scholar and antiquary, and which has occasioned to Welsh literature a severe and irreparable loss. The untoward fate of the greatest portion of his MSS. was noticed in a former Number*; and it will be seen from the following note by Mr. Hugh Thomas, extracted from his writings among the Harleian MSS., that the misfortunes, to which Mr. Llwyd's literary labours were doomed, commenced even with the close of his mortal career. †

* * *

“Our greate friend, Mr. Edward Lhuyd of the Museum, died very suddenly the 29th of last June, 1709, and left all his labours imperfect, of which the learned part of the world have had a great loss. He was certainly the greatest philosopher and linguist, that ever our islands bred: he intended to have seen you, if he had lived, with a desire to dedicate a small book in octavo to a brother of your master's, which will now be lost‡. He is succeeded in his office by one Mr. David Parry, whom he brought up to his business and who is certainly capable of publishing his labours, if he could spare time from his pots and companions; but out of the tipling house he cannot spare one minute even to common civility, or to any learned man, or friend of Mr. Lhuyd's, so that one paper of his cannot be seen.”

GLAMORGANSHIRE HOUSES §.

“It has, from very remote antiquity, been the custom in Glamorgan to white-wash the houses, not only the insides, but the outsides also, and even the barns, stables, walls of yards, gardens, &c. In a very ancient poem, by some attributed to Aneurin, who lived about the year 550, we have the following passage:—

*Gnawd ym Morganwg ddiwg ddyinion,
A gwragedd mewn mawredd a muriau gwynion.*

In Glamorgan the people are courteous and gentle,
Married women are honoured, and the walls are white.

* No. 17, p. 200.

† It would be extremely desirable to ascertain, what part, if any, of this ill-fated collection remains, and where it is now to be found.

‡ It does not appear from the original, which is no more than a fragment of a letter, to whom this account was addressed.—ED.

§ E. Williams's "Lyric Poems," vol. i. p. 17.

“Davydd ab Gwilym, a bard that flourished about 1350, says of Glamorgan,—

*E gâr bardd y wlad hardd hon,
A'i gwinoedd a'i thai gwynion.*

The bard loves this beautiful country,
Its wines and its white houses.

And in another place, invoking the sun, he says,—

*Tesog fore, gwna 'r lle'n llon,
Ag annerch y tai gwynion.*

Thou sunny morning, beam joyfulness around,
And salute the white houses of Glamorgan.

Deio ab Ieuan Du, a bard, who wrote about 1450, says,—

Morganwg muriau gwynion.

Glamorgan of the white walls.

But it would be endless to quote all the bards, who have noticed this custom, which still continues.

“Mr. Penruddock Wyndham, in his tour through Monmouthshire and Wales, in the year 1781, says, that in Glamorgan ‘the houses, walls, and out-buildings are commonly white-washed; and there is scarcely a cottage to be seen, which is not regularly brushed over every month.’ Mr. Strutt, from Diodorus Siculus, says, that the Britons white-washed their houses with chalk. (See Chronicle of England, p. 254.) From hence it appears, that the Welsh of Glamorgan still retain a very ancient British custom.”

THE MISCELLANIST.—No. XI.

WELSH LINES—LORD STRAINS—BRONWEN'S URN.

To the EDITOR of the CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR.—While looking over some old papers the other day, I accidentally met with the enclosed printed scrap of Welsh poetry, which I send for insertion in the CAMBRO-BRITON, if you think proper. Who Mr. Stephen Parry of Jesus College was I should like to know, as he has told his story well, though the lines appear now somewhat antiquated.

CARMEN CAMBRO-BRITANNICUM*.

Oes genedl, nad dwys gennyh
Glywed farw ANN glôdfawr, wych?

* Written, as appears, on the death of Queen Anne. The orthography of the original is preserved.—ED.

Och! cryd, achreth, a dychryn,
 A saeth i'n calonnau syn!
 Pan oedh yn fyw, lhiu y lhys,
 Fel enaid oedh i'r ynys;
 Ei mûr oedh, a'i hymwared;
 Ond pan dhigiai, crynai crêd:
 Ei digofaint oedh haint hylh,
 I wyr Ffraingc garw ei ffrewylh:
 Ymlidiodh, gyrroddh a'i gwyr
 O'r maes, a'r byd, ormeswyr:
 Lhoscodh, a thorrodh, a than
 Fil o'u tyreu, fel taran:
 Ond gadawodh yn gedol
 Brenhin dâ, a hêdh o'i hôl.—STEPH. PARRY è Coll. Jes.

In No. 16 of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 170, your correspondent, Mr. Parry, notices a Welsh Air under the title of "Hoffder Arglwydd Strains," and to which you have affixed a query as to the accuracy of the name. I conjecture, that Lord Strange was meant, as the Barons Strange, of Knockin, Salop, of the Derby family, were, of old, important on the Borders as Lords Marchers.

I take this opportunity of mentioning, that Bronwen's Urn, of which Sir Richard Hoare has given an account in your Number for October last, is now in my possession at Chester.

I remain, Sir, yours &c.

Chester, Feb. 24, 1821. R. LLWYD.

EPITAPH AT CAERWYS.

To the EDITOR of the CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—In page 229 of No. 17, I find an anonymous correspondent requesting to be informed, through the medium of your valuable publication, of the author of the lines copied upon a tomb-stone in Caerwys Church-yard.—The Cywydd, out of which they are taken, is now before me. It is the juvenile production of Thomas Hughes, then of Bala, but now of Liverpool, in commemoration of Miss Jane Foulks of Bala, buried October, 28, 1785.

The copyist has not adhered to the original in the first line; instead of "fy," when connected with "ddyn hawddgar," it should have been "ei." And you will perceive, that the lines

are in other respects inaccurately transcribed, and that two lines of the Cywydd are omitted in the Epitaph. Underneath you have the whole passage as it is in the original publication.

I am, Sir, your constant reader,

Llanarmon-yn-Iâl, Feb. 28, 1821.

SAMUEL DAVIES.

“Er rhoi ei chorph i orphwys,
Ddyn hawddgar, i'r ddaear ddwys;
Cwyd ei llwch o'r trwch lle trig,
Llygradwy'n anllygredig:
Cadarn gorn neu udgorn Nef;
Ar ei ddeiliaid ry ddolef.
Ni all angau a'i gleddau glas,
Er eu lladd 'nawr eu lluddias;
Clywant, hwy godant yn glau,
A dringant o dir angau:
Ac yna bydd gogoniant
Un argraph Seraph a Sant.”

DEAN SWIFT.

To the EDITOR of the CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—Though no person living can more warmly appreciate the *genuine* wit, that pervades the works of Dean Swift, than myself, yet it is with great contempt I have noticed the puerile sarcasms on Wales and the Welsh character, in which he has thought proper to indulge in the course of his writings, where he holds to ridicule—not their individual vices, nor any general trait of character degrading to a people, but—*their poverty!!*

I should be glad, Mr. Editor, if you or any of your correspondents, who are better informed on the subject than myself, would state whether Dean Swift has any foundation in truth for the following assertion contained in one of his Poems in praise of Ireland, which I very much doubt:—

“This beauteous Island Pallas call'd her own

When haughty Britain was a land unknown.”

If this query is worth a place in your MISCELLANIST, its insertion will oblige

Your obedient and humble Servant.

JEFFREY LLEWELYN.

AWEN CYMRU.

A' th rodd yw athrwydd Awen.—EDM. PRYS.

PENNILLION.

LXXXIII.

Rhywun sydd, a Rhywun eto,
 Ac am Rhywun 'r wy'n myfyrio;
 Pan fwyf dryma 'r nos yn cysgu,
 Fe ddaw Rhywun ac a'm deffry.

LXXXIV.

Bum yn eladdu hen gydymmaith,
 A gododd yn fy mhen i ganwaith;
 Ac yr wy'n ammeu, er ei briddo,
 Y cyfyd yn fy mhen i eto.

LXXXV.

Tro yma dy wyneb, f'enaïd fwyn,
 A gwranddo ar gwyn dy gariad:
 Gwn nad oes un mab yn fyw,
 Na sercha liw dy lygad.

Mi wyf yma fal y gweli,
 Heb na chyfoeth na thylodi;
 Os meiddi gyda mi gyd-fydio,
 Di gei ran o'r fuchedd hono.

LXXXVI.

O! mor gynes mynwes meinwen,
 O! mor fwyn yw llwyn meillionen,
 O! mor felus yw 'r cusanau
 Gyda serch a mwynion eiriau.

LXXXVII.

Mi ddarllenais fod yn rhwyfodd
 I'r byd hwn wyth rân ymadrodd,
 Ac i'r gwragedd (anglod iddynt)
 Fyn'd â saith o'r wythran rhyngddynt.

LXXXVIII*.

Blin yw caru yma ac acw,
 Blin bod heb y blinder hwnw;
 Ond o'r blinderau blinaf blinder,
 Cur anifyr caru 'n ofer.

* The classical scholar will of course perceive, that this is a translation of a well known Greek epigram.—ED.

ENGLISH POETRY.

TRANSLATIONS OF THE PENNILLION.

LXXXIII.

Some-one here, and Some-one there,
 Some-one all my thoughts declare:
 When in soundest sleep at night,
 Some-one comes and wakes me quite.

LXXXIV.

My old companion, here he lies,
 Who oft hath risen in my head;
 And there again, no doubt, he'll rise,
 Though now he moulders 'mong the dead*.

LXXXV.

My fair one, turn thy face this way,
 And hear thy lover's plaint I pray:
 No youth there lives, who does not prize,
 As well I wot, those sparkling eyes.

For me, I am just as you see,
 Nor wealth I know nor poverty:
 If thou consentest to be mine,
 One half this lot shall then be thine.

LXXXVI.

Yon white breast, how full of blisses!
 Oh, how fair yon blooming grove!
 Oh, how sweet a maiden's kisses,
 With the tender voice of love!

LXXXVII.

I have read, what schoolmen teach,
 That there are eight parts of speech,
 And that women (praise be given)
 To themselves have taken seven.

LXXXVIII.

Love is painful, all will own,
 Not to love is still a pain;
 But the keenest sorrow known
 Is to love and love in vain.

* * *

* The reader needs hardly to be informed, that the worthy defunct, on whom this *pennill* is written, is no less a personage than the renowned Sir John Barleycorn.—Ed.

THE WAR SONG OF BLEDDYN*.

Sons of chiefs, whose forms repose,
Where the cloud its shadow throws
Over Snowdon's craggy height,
Rise, and nerve ye for the fight!
Hark ! his wing the raven flutters,
Ominous the sounds he utters,
Sounds of death unto our foes,
Ere another day shall close.

Sons of chiefs, arise, behold
Yonder banner's massy fold,
Ere the morning breeze unfurl it,
To the dust inglorious hurl it.
Down upon their columns sweep,
As the whirlwind on the deep,
When its all-destroying breath
Lays the mighty low in death.

By the wrongs, that ye have felt,
Deeply let the blow be dealt,
That the Saxon host may know,
They have met no common foe :
Rising morn shall view the raven
Tear the brest of every craven ;
But the brave shall win their right :
Sons of chiefs, advance to fight.

S. R. J.

CAMBRIAN MELODY.

WHERE the long grass waves its head
Are the valiant lying :
There its dew the cloud doth shed,
There the breeze is sighing.

* These stanzas, and the following "Melody," come, it will be seen, from the same pen, and are highly creditable to the poetical talent, that has produced them. The writer is now employed on a long poem, founded on an event in the history of Wales, and which it is his intension to publish, provided there should be a prospect of sufficient encouragement : and, should the whole prove equal to the specimen of it which the Editor has seen, it will richly merit the general patronage of the Principality.—Ed.

There their noble forms repose,
 Who beheld the struggle close,
 Ending all their country's woes,
 Bravely for her dying.

Where the noxious weeds arise,
 There the craven sleepeth :
 Who for him in secret sighs ?
 Who above him weepeth ?
 Like a cloud his name shall pass,
 Like the dew upon the grass,
 Whence his race, or what he was,
 None remembrance keepeth.

S. R. J.

“SWEET AMONG THE WAVING TREES”*.

Written and composed by Mr. J. Parry, Editor of “Welsh Melodies,” for Mr. Braham, and sung by him, with the greatest success, in the opera of “Love in a Village,” at Drury Lane Theatre.

SWEET among the waving trees,
 Gently blows the morning breeze,
 Bright the gems that deck the thorn,
 Fair the form by nature worn.

While sluggards on their couches lie,
 And never taste the sweets of morn,
 O'er hills and dales gay sportsmen fly,
 With merry hound, and mellow horn !
 Mankind have various sports in view,
 Some hunt for wealth, and some for fame ;
 While those who virtue's chase pursue,
 Seek spotless honour for their game.
 While sluggards, &c. &c. &c.

* A little deviation from the plan of the CAMBRO-BRITON is made in the insertion of this song ; but, as it is the production of a Welshman, and the only one who has *written and composed* for our national theatres, it cannot but be gratifying to the friends of the Principality, and especially to the lovers of poetry, to have it recorded in these pages.—ED.

W A L E S.

—♦—

METROPOLITAN CAMBRIAN INSTITUTION.—A General Meeting of this Society took place on the first Saturday in last month, when Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart, the President, was in the chair. The devices for the medal, of which an account was given in the last Number, were finally approved; and the necessary arrangements, preparatory to the Anniversary of the 22nd of May, were also made. Sir W. W. Wynn has promised to preside on that occasion; and it is to be hoped, that the first annual meeting of this patriotic institution will be celebrated by a full attendance of such of the members and other friends to the cause, as may be then in London. The Prize Ode, as appears by the advertisement, will be recited on that day; and there are in preparation some Essays, on subjects connected with Welsh literature, which will also be read at the same time. So it may reasonably be anticipated, that the first anniversary of the Cambrian Institution will not pass without its due share of interest and attraction.

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CYMMRODORION IN POWYS.—The following is a description of the Medals and other prizes, awarded by the Cymmrodorion in Powys, at their *Eisteddfod* in September, and the whole of which have been executed, with singular taste and beauty, by Mr. DAVID ELLIS, 2, John Street, Oxford Street, London, who has been appointed Medalist to the Society:—

1. A SILVER MEDAL.—To Mr. EVAN EVANS, of Treftiŵ, Carnarvonshire, for the best CYWYDD (Poem) on the longing of a Welshman for his country in a foreign land. The obverse represents a ship leaving the shore, and on the reverse is the name of the successful candidate.

2. A SILVER MEDAL.—To Mr. ROBERT DAVIES, of Nantglyn, Denbighshire, for the best AWDL (Ode) on the death of his late Majesty. On the obverse is raised, in fine relief, a representation of the Bardic Chair, and on the reverse is an appropriate inscription, with the following lines:—

“ Nantglyn, y glanddyn gŵyls,
Ei hun bioedd hen Bowys.”

3. A SILVER MEDAL and CHAIN.—To the Rev. W. J. REES, of Cascob, A. M. for the best ESSAY on the Notices of Britain in ancient authors. In the centre of the obverse of the Medal is the representation of an open Book, on which are engraved the words “Essay on Britain:” above, and nearly surrounding the Book, on a raised ribbon, is the following inscription in Bardic characters,—“Gwell Dysg na Golud” [Learning is better than Wealth]; and round the ribbon, near the edge, is a chased wreath of laurel. On the reverse is inscribed—“Presented by the Cymmrodorion in Powys.” The chain is also remarkably elegant.

4. A SILVER MEDAL.—To the Rev. JOHN HUGHES, author of “*Horæ Britannicæ*,” for the best ESSAY on the history and character of Arthur whether real or fabulous.—The obverse represents an ancient fortified city on the banks of a river, above which is the inscription—“Caerllion ar Wysg, lle bu Arthur yn teyrnasu” [Caerleon on Usk, where Arthur reigned]; and on the reverse is another inscription, appropriate to the occasion, on which the medal was gained.

5. A MINIATURE SILVER HARP.—To Mr. RICHARD ROBERTS, of Carnarvon, as best performer on the Triple Harp. This Harp is beautifully executed.

6. A SILVER MEDAL.—To Mr. LEWIS ROBERTS, of Maentwrog, as the best DATGEINIAD, or Vocalist. The obverse presents a Laurel wreath; and on the reverse is an appropriate inscription.

7. A SILVER MEDAL.—To Mr. JOHN HUGHES, Master of the Royal Denbigh Band.—On the obverse is the representation of a lyre; and on the reverse is inscribed—“Presented by the Cymmrodorion Society to Mr. John Hughes.”

8. A SILVER CUP with HANDLES.—To Mr. JOHN PARRY, Editor of “*Welsh Melodies*,” as Director of the Concerts. This Cup, which is of beautiful workmanship and of the most elegant form, has a vine leaf and grape border, exquisitely chased, and is within richly gilt. On the sides are two inscriptions, one in Welsh the other in English, commemorative of the occasion, on which Mr. Parry’s exertions so well merited this tasteful acknowledgement.

Mr. Ellis, under whose directions and superintendence these prizes have been prepared, is a native of the Principality, and deserves the general patronage of his countrymen for the happy

union of design and execution, which he has displayed upon this occasion. Mr. Ellis is also Medalist to the Metropolitan Cambrian Institution.

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CHURCH UNION SOCIETY IN THE DIOCESE OF ST. DAVID'S.—The following Premiums are proposed for the Society's Prize Subjects for this year.

1. A premium of Fifty Pounds (by benefaction) for the best Essay on the Scripture doctrines of Adultery and Divorce, and on the criminal character and punishment of adultery by the ancient laws of England and other countries.

2. A premium of Five and Twenty Pounds for the best Essay on the influence of a moral life on our judgment in matters of faith.—“If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God.”—John vii. 17.

ST. DAVID'S DAY.—This national festival was observed both in and out of the Principality with the honours usually lavished on our tutelar Saint. But, as it would exceed the limits of this publication to launch into all the particulars, this article will be confined to a brief account of the proceedings in the metropolis and at Liverpool, at which places St. David has generally found his most liberal votaries.

The Society of Ancient Britons in London, more generally known as the “Welsh Charity,” celebrated, on this occasion, their 107th anniversary. The President, Sir W. W. Wynn, and other officers of the Institution, after breakfasting together at the School house in Gray's Inn Lane, went in the usual procession, accompanied by the children of the Charity, and a large assemblage of its friends, to St. George's Church, Hanover Square, where the service was read in Welsh by the Chaplain, and an English sermon preached by the Right Rev. Bp. of Llandaff. The company afterwards met at dinner at the Freemason's Tavern, where the chair was filled by H. S. H. the Prince of Saxe Coburg. About four hundred individuals were present, among whom were several noblemen, and gentlemen of distinction, connected with Wales; and it is hardly necessary to add, that the meeting was distinguished by the customary union of national feeling and convivial hilarity. His Majesty, as Patron of the Society, presented his usual annual donation of one hundred guineas, making the sum total of his contribution to the funds of the Institution, since he has become Patron, to amount to £6090. The subscriptions of the day were announced as being near £1,100, a sum,

which has, however, been considerably exceeded on former occasions. The Duke of Wellington will preside at the next anniversary.

At Liverpool similar demonstrations of respect to the memory of St. David were manifested by the sons of Cymru resident in that town. A respectable and numerous party, accompanied by the children of the Welsh Charity School, went in procession, through some of the principal streets, notwithstanding the unfavourableness of the weather, to St. Paul's Church, where an appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. Robert Davies, Rector of Llandulas. The Directors of the Welsh School and a numerous company afterwards dined at the Neptune Hotel, where the patriotic conviviality, natural to the occasion, prevailed to a late hour*. Other parties dined together at their respective inns; and the children of the Charity School were also bountifully regaled in the school-room. The festivities of the day concluded with a ball and supper at Mr. Paris's Rooms, where mirth and gaiety reigned paramount through the evening. * *

LITERATURE.

HEN GANIADAU CYMRU.—Mr. Jones, Bard to his Majesty, has recently published, under this title, another collection of our ancient national airs, the particulars of which are explained in an advertisement on the wrapper of this Number. It may be noticed, generally, however, that the present volume is more exclusively musical than those, that have preceded it under the title of "Relics of the Bards,"—a circumstance, which may not be displeasing to the lovers of harmony, however valuable the historical information contained in the author's former productions. The part, now published, of this volume contains a neat and well-executed frontispiece; and the subscribers to the other two volumes will, of course, consider it a necessary accompaniment to them.

WELSH MELODIES.—It is well known, that Mr. Parry has, for some time, announced his intention of publishing a second volume of this popular work: and it is gratifying to find from a notice, accompanying this Number, that the admirers of our national music will speedily be in possession of this additional treat. When the work appears, some specimens of the poetry,—

* The Editor profits by this opportunity, to express his acknowledgement of the flattering manner, in which his humble services were noticed at this dinner.

the whole of which has been written expressly for the occasion, —will be introduced into the CAMBRO-BRITON; and in the mean time it may be stated with full confidence, that, whether in a poetical or musical point of view, this forth-coming volume will be found to possess superior claims on the public attention, and particularly on the attention of those, who know how to estimate the characteristic beauties of our national melodies.

CELTO-BRETONNE DICTIONARY.—M. Lagonidec, author of the Celto-Bretonne Grammar, is now preparing for the press a Dictionary of the same language, and of which report speaks highly. This work will, necessarily, prove a valuable accession to the stores of Cimbric literature; though, were the learned author as well versed in the language of the British Cymry as he appears to be in the Cymraeg of Brittany, his work would, naturally, be rendered considerably more valuable. But even on its present plan it cannot fail to ensure a hearty welcome from the lovers of Celtic lore. It is satisfactory to be able to add to this notice, that this branch of learning, which, during the war, had fallen into great neglect in France, is now likely to be again cultivated with some spirit, and to which the recent establishment of the Welsh Societies in this country seems, in no small degree, to have contributed.

MEMOIRS OF OWAIN GLYNDWR.—A Prospectus has just been circulated of a projected publication under this title, which is also to embrace “the history of the Ancient Britons* from the conquest of Wales by Edward I to the present time.” The gentleman, who undertakes this national work, is the Rev. T. Thomas, Rector of Aberporth, who is likewise known as the author of the Prize Essay on the Hebrew language, in the Diocese of St. David’s, in 1810; and he comes forward on this occasion under the particular patronage of the venerable Archdeacon of Cardigan. It cannot be necessary to dwell on the value of such a work as this, if executed with competent means and ability; for, as has been remarked on former occasions in the CAMBRO-BRITON, Wales is extremely deficient in works of merit both in history and biography,—those branches of literature, which are, of all perhaps, the most captivating. The life of Glyndwr, besides, presents, in particular, matter of paramount interest to the na-

* Is there not something objectionable in the appellation of “Ancient Britons,” with reference to the particular period, to which it is here applied? —ED.

tives of Wales; and to enter with minuteness into all the historical events, connected with it, would of itself occupy, perhaps, a larger volume than Mr. Thomas appears to contemplate for the accomplishment of a much more extensive design*. However, it is not meant to insinuate, that all the important events, "from the conquest of Wales to the present time," may not be compressed within the proposed limits, so as still to preserve all that is essential to the interest of the narrative. This may, possibly, be effected, and, at all events, the praise-worthy enterprise merits a general encouragement. The following extract from the *Prospectus* explains more particularly the aim of the writer.

"The history of the Ancient Britons is divided into two periods, that of the Aborigines to the time of Cadwaladr, when they possessed the sovereignty of the whole island, and that containing the transactions of the Princes of Wales to their conquest by Edward I. A supplement to the history of these periods is a *desideratum* in the annals of Wales, which urged the author to investigate every document affecting the Welsh, collectively as a nation, record every insurrection and material incident, subsequent to their subjugation to the crown of England, and arrange into a memoir, accessible to common readers, military operations, hitherto interspersed through voluminous and rare publications, ancient and modern. The Insurrection of Glyndwr forms the most prominent part of the collection now submitted to public view."

CAMBRIAN PLUTARCH—The few observations, which appeared under this head in the last Number, have had the effect of producing two letters, to which insertion is here given, not with any hope, that they may lead to the result, the writers so kindly anticipate, but merely because they afford a proof of two patriotic exceptions to that indifference, with which the announcement of the **CAMBRIAN PLUTARCH** was received—an indifference, so completely at variance with the spirit now so generally *professed* in the Principality, that it is not to be explained on any rational grounds.

To the EDITOR of the CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—As a Cymro, I feel the full weight of your reproof, respecting the hint, thrown out in the 15th number of the **CAMBRO-BRITON**, relative to a projected work on the plan of Plutarch's Lives. There is an old adage, which may be here ap-

The proposed size of the work is one octavo volume.—ED.

plied with great propriety—"What is every body's work, is nobody's." I therefore strongly recommend, that a Prospectus be immediately issued, detailing the object of the undertaking, and the vast advantages that would accrue from it, not only to the Welsh *literati*, but to Great Britain at large. Let the work be published by subscription, and in numbers or parts, if you please; then the patriotic and enterprising author would be secured in some measure. Surely, Sir, the Cymmrodorion and other societies, connected with the Principality, would be strenuous in their endeavours to encourage a publication of such importance. Happy am I to say, that the noblemen, gentry, clergy, &c. &c. of Wales appear to be alive to the interests and honour of their mother country, and I have no doubt but the plan, I here recommend, would meet with a most flattering reception.—With a hope of seeing a long list of subscribers on the 22nd of May next, the Anniversary of the Royal Cambrian Institution,

I remain, Sir,

Near Cader Idris,

Your humble servant,

March 10, 1821.

OFYDD.

To the EDITOR of the CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—I am sorry to find, that the design of the CAMBRIAN PLUTARCH is abandoned for want of proper encouragement; for I am well aware, that the annals of Cambria contain—

“Many a flower, that's born to blush unseen,

And waste its sweetness in the desert air,”

and which, I had flattered myself, would have been brought to view through the medium of the above work,—a work, which, if published, would have been purchased by many, though very few might have been able to aid the author in his undertaking; as it can be but few, who could gain access to those documents, from which I should suppose the author of the CAMBRIAN PLUTARCH would have derived a great part of his information.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A CAMBRO-BRITON.

HISTORY OF WALES.—About two years have elapsed since Mr. Edward Williams published his “Prospectus of Collections for a new History of Wales;” and it was generally supposed at the time, that a part, at least, of the projected work would soon appear under the sanction of the CAMBRIAN SOCIETY in Dyfed. This hope, however, has not been realized; but the establishment

of three other national institutions since that period gives us a plausible ground for presuming, that this really valuable accession to the stores of Welsh literature will not be lost for want of adequate encouragement. *Carpe diem* ought to be the rule of the Societies on this occasion.

REPORT OF THE WREXHAM EISTEDDFOD.—This Report, which has been prepared under the able superintendence of the Rev. W. J. Rees, of Cascob, will, in all probability, be ready for publication, early this month. And, as considerable pains have been taken to render it an accurate record of all the late proceedings at Wrexham, it cannot fail to be perused with an interest proportionate with that, which was excited by the Eisteddfod itself.

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INSTANCES OF LONGEVITY.

There is now living in the parish of Llanberis, Carnarvonshire, an ancient couple, whose united ages amount to 182 years: the husband, Morris Davies, being 89 and his wife 93. They have been united in the bands of Hymen 64 years, and have 132 descendants now living, of whom 10 are their own children, 66 grand-children, and 56 great-grand-children. The old man is sufficiently well to attend Church every Sunday; but his more aged partner has been, for some time, bed-ridden. They are so poor, as to receive parochial relief.

In the same neighbourhood lives also Ellen Owen, at the advanced age of 95. She goes regularly to the mountain to collect turf and heath, and can walk to Carnarvon, a distance of nine miles, and back in the same day.

To these living examples may be subjoined the two following of persons recently deceased.

Mr. John James, Plas-Merchant, Pembrokeshire, aged.. 87

Rees Lewis, Esq., Cromloch, Carmarthenshire 91

Total number of years 178

Average to each individual 89 years.

ERRORS CORRECTED.

No. 19. P. 289. l. 11. *after* "son" *insert* of.—In the Notes *for* "84" *read* 78.

—— P. 313. l. 27. *for* "Myddavi" *read* Myddvai.

—— P. 327. l. 7. *for* "Pford" *read* Ffordd.

—— P. 328. *for* "PENNILION" *read* PENNILLION.